THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

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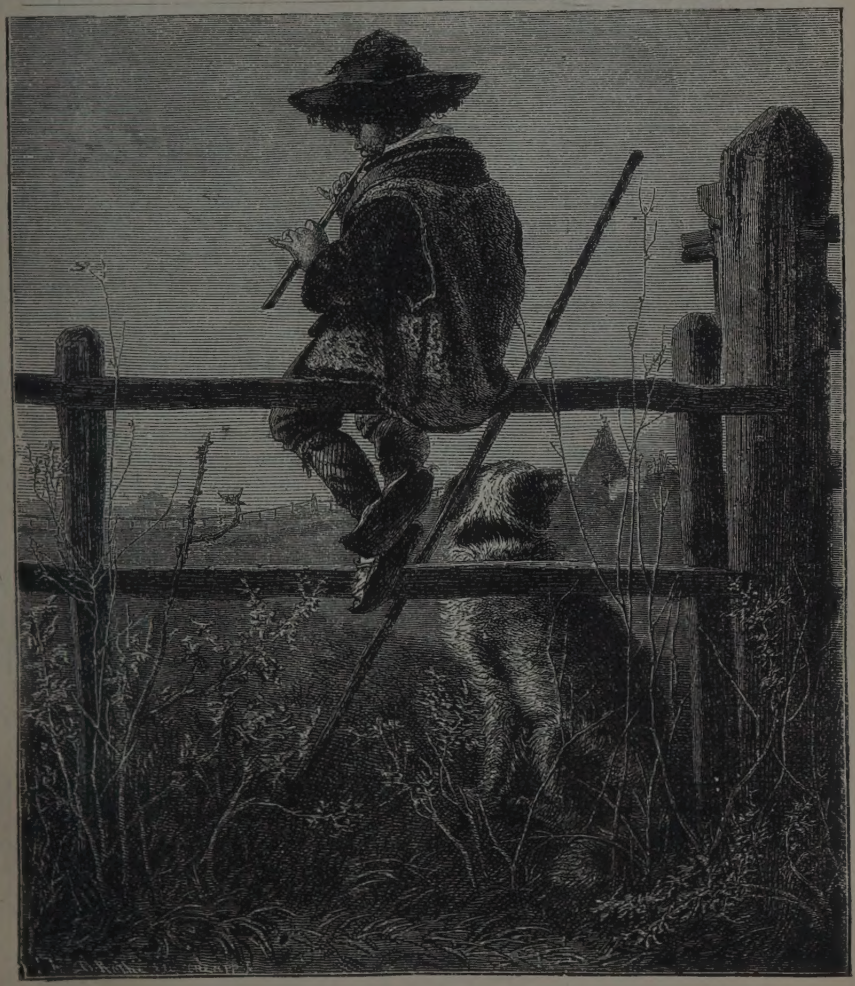

OUR COMMON COUNTRY.

THIS month, we cannot think of much else than our common country; of the old times when it was being born a republic, and of the now, when, on the Fourth, we are to celebrate its one hundredth birthday.

We are told of the home-sickness of the Swiss when away from Father-land, and though Americans are, perhaps, too eager to visit Europe, are indeed the most persistent travellers in the world, yet, deep down in their hearts there remaineth love of country; and to this love I appeal, when I beg you all, boys and girls, to study your country's history, and to emulate the patriots that make its annals illustrious.

You are getting beyond the age to imagine that a glorious Fourth consists in torpedoes, cannon, bell-ringing, and fireworks. Its true glory consists in its being the birthday of a free, generous, God-fearing people. When there were slaves in this land, I used to wonder at the vain-glorious boast that this was the freest country in the world. Even now that we have freed our slaves, we are not free, till rid of the bondage of ignorance and sin. It is the purpose of our Sunday-schools to teach the truest wisdom, the knowledge of God's will; in obeying which we shall become free indeed, the sons and daughters of the Almighty. Then our lines will not only fall in pleasant places here, but we shall have a bright looking forward to another country, — even the Heavenly.

THE knight must not look around him, if he would win the treasure.

THERE are saints even in our own days. All that ever, in times of old, was great and beautiful and genuine in the world is still existing, though, perhaps, scattered and veiled from view.

THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY.

IN this Centennial year, Washington looms up a beacon light. The text of Scripture of which he reminds us is: "Let your moderation be known unto all men." His moderation was not temperament. Of him we cannot say, as we are too apt to say, "He was born different; no thanks to him that he walked more composedly than others." For Washington had an ardent temperament, and only a resolute will and a persevering purpose enabled him to get the better of his passionate temper.

His military glory, his fortitude under difficulty, do not command our respect to the degree of his moderation in success. He, who might have been, if he had chosen, the king, the dictator, of the land he freed, preferred the title of Father of his Country, — a title which will be his to the latest generations. Whence came this moderation, this self-forgetfulness? From his looking into the mirror of religion, in which mirror the vanities of life wear their true proportions. Not one could buy his integrity. When his fellow-citizens no longer needed his services, he gladly retired to that private life in which is found the truest content.

He freed us from a foreign yoke. Does not his noble example, with a silent eloquence, plead with us to shake off the yoke of self, and devote ourselves in our place to our country's enlightenment, freedom, integrity, progress? Washington's bequest to his country was his example. Do we understand its worth? Are we truly grateful for it? Do we follow it?

"AND paths of duty and of pleasure meet,
Though oft we tread them with unwilling feet."

BOOKS, like friends, should be few and well chosen.

For The Dayspring.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

1876.

AT last the great Centennial year
Dawns on our Western hemisphere.
Fair Freedom's flag no longer waves,
In mockery, o'er a land of slaves.
Columbia, with a clearer brow,
Can give her sisters welcome now.
In peace and friendship, now, unfurled,
The gathered banners of the world
"Fly, as a cloud," across the seas,
To flutter here in summer's breeze.
The nations, here, with one consent,
In the All-Father's blue-roofed tent,
Are met to wage, with friendly hands,
The warfare that enriches lands, —
The strife, that blesses human hearts,
Of rival industries and arts.
From the cold North, from tropic seas,
With their spice-laden argosies;
From Orient lands and isles afar, —
They gather to the noble war.
O holy war! O bloodless strife!
Blessing — not blasting — human life!
They come, from every clime and strand,
To be thy guests, my Mother-land!
They come, — and, O my country! now,
What noble products showest thou,
Of all thy science, skill, and toil,
Matured on this thy favored soil, —
Ripened beneath this Western sky,
As all these hundred years rolled by?
The noblest product thou could'st show
Were a true manhood's generous glow;
A lofty faith, serene and free,
Full of all hope and charity.
Be this, my land, thy noblest art,
By freedom's laws to mould the heart;
Crave, as thy finest gems, a youth
Bound to be free by love of truth;
A manly race that shall behold,
In thy bright flag of blue and gold,
An emblem of those stars on high,
That, in eternal majesty,
The beams of truth and justice pour,
To guide the nations evermore.
So may again a Dayspring rise,
My country, on thy children's eyes!
Dawn, blessed day, whose sun shall see
The ripened fruit of Liberty!
Bless all our land, while yet the flower
Blooms bright as in its morning hour!
Would that our next Centennial year
Might find the nations, far and near,
Hailing, through Him whose Truth makes free,
The World's Millennial Jubilee!

C. T. B.

THE PIPING TIME OF PEACE.

DEEP in the woods of Pennsylvania sits on a stile a solitary little fellow, who has no longing to go to the Centennial Exhibition, for the good reason that he knows nothing about it. Two months ago, he might have been there to add his feeble note to the general hum, for then he was wandering about with his mother and sister, picking up pennies from any who would stop to listen to the poor music they were able to draw from violin, accordion, and triangle. And how proud little Carl was when his mother smiled, as at the right moment he struck the triangle.

Where now were the well-thrummed musical instruments? Where now the wayfaring musicians, on whose bronzed faces sun and wind had played their tunes, and left their discord?

The ship fever, in their veins when they landed, had taken them swiftly from little Carl, who, even in his sleep, hears the wiry song with which they rested their tired fingers. Carl misses the smiles which cheered him, as the strangers stared and muttered words about them he could not understand. He strokes the tippet his mother tied around his neck with the evening dew, but no mother's arm caresses him now, no mother's kiss soothes his dulness away.

When his mother died, he fell among thieves, who, under pretence of sheltering

the orphan, took from him his mother's black bag, which held their slender stock of money, and then treated him so unkindly that he wandered away from them into the open country, with a vague hope of finding his mother; till, hungry and foot-sore, he crept into a hay-stack, where a farmer discovered him and took him home. Carl is too young to know what a good home it is, and how his Heavenly Father, who cares for all helpless creatures, has led him to it. The farmer, with his wife, having no children, quickly settle to adopt him. But Carl, used to wandering about in the sunshine, does not relish the light work to which he is put, or like to be told that he must keep within sight of the house.

But this afternoon is a holiday, and in broken English he begs to go to the stile. The doggie, "Crankey," which follows him like his shadow, pricks up his ear, as Carl draws music from the pipe he found in the rubbish of the attic. An unseen artist is sketching boy and dog. He has no time to wonder whence came the Alpine stock, or the foreign hat and jacket, he is so fearful that child or dog will move before he can outline the pretty picture, — "The Piping Time of Peace."

No pleasure is comparable to standing upon the vantage-ground of truth.

THE RIGHT ROAD.

LORD ERSKINE said: "It was a first command and counsel of my earliest youth, always to do what my conscience told me to be a duty, and leave the consequence to God. I have always followed it, and I have no reason to complain that my obedience has been a temporal sacrifice. I found it, on the contrary, the road to prosperity and wealth; and I shall point out the same path to my children."

For The Dayspring.

A DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

"WHERE'S the luncheon basket, May? Arthur, do shut up your book, we're ready to start. How beautifully you have written our Declaration, Chris!" and Prudence paused before a sheet of foolscap paper pinned to the parlor door.

"Arthur, listen, and see if it sounds all right."

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

JULY 4, 1876.

"Uncle John and our aunts having treated us with unfeeling tyranny and unlooked for unkindness, we do hereby follow the noble example of our forefathers, and throw off the yoke of bondage."

"That sounds well, I'm sure."

"We, therefore, representatives of Young America, do, in the name and by the authority of each other, reject and renounce all allegiance and subjection to our relatives, the kings of Great Britain."

"Why, Chris, you've made a mistake!"

"Thunder! so I have. I copied that part from the original Declaration of Independence, and wrote that in about the Kings of England, by mistake. Never mind, I can scratch it out. Go on!"

"We renounce all allegiance to our relatives, and declare ourselves to be in a free and independent state, and to have power to do as we please, seeing as our aunts have been so unkind as not to take us with them to the picnic, on this Centennial of the Declaration of Independence, when we don't expect to live to see another. And for the support of the Declaration, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."

Your Nieces, PRUDENCE REDWORTH,
MAY CHANEY.

Assisted by CHRISTOPHER ALLEN,
ARTHUR HALL.

"That about our honor and our sacred fortunes is splendid, and just like the real one," said Prudence, enthusiastically.

"What are you stopping for, May?" she added. "Come along!"

"I am afraid they will be worried, if we're not here when they get back; and perhaps they haven't gone off for the day, and perhaps it isn't a picnic," said May, whose conscience was a troublesome one.

"Nonsense, child! Didn't I hear Aunt Irene whisper to Aunt Mary about sandwiches; and didn't Uncle John say they wouldn't get back until time for the fireworks? Of course it's a picnic."

"It was mighty mean of them not to take you," said Chris. "But never mind, you'll have lots more fun by coming with us boys. Arthur and I have got some fire-crackers, and we'll have a jolly lunch on Pine Hill."

"Shut the door, May, and come along."

"I think, perhaps, I had better stay."

"Very well, stay then," said Prudence, sharply; "only do do something besides keep us waiting in this broiling sun, while you hold the door handle and try to settle with your conscience, whether you'll come or not. Come, boys, we won't wait for her. This is delightful. If May decides to come, it will be just like the four little people who went around the world, in the 'Nonsense Book.' But here she is! Now we are all right."

"I don't believe Aunt Mary will mind, *very* much, do you, Prue?"

"She shouldn't have gone off and left us, then," said Prue, irrelevantly.

The sun was hot, the road dusty, and Pine Hill, which looked so invitingly near when they started, seemed to recede further into the background at every step. The children would not have owned that they were tired, however, for worlds, and kept bravely on until about noon, when the boys proposed they should stop and eat their dinner. So beneath a group of pine-trees they spread out their simple repast.

"It is so lovely not to have to eat with knives and forks," said Prue, picking up a sardine which had fallen into the grass, and shaking off a spider from a slice of bread; "and it's so jolly to be off by ourselves, nobody knowing where we are. Independence *is* sweet! If we can only get to the top of the hill, I shall be happy."

"If I were safe at the bottom once more, I should be happy," thought poor May, as with aching head and feet she tried to keep up with the others, who, after their luncheon, had started up the narrow path which branched off from the main road through the woods. After frequent halts by the way, in search of berries and flowers, they at last reached a broad open field, where the trees had been cut down.

"We have got to the top of the hill at last," said Arthur, with a sigh of relief.

"Is this the top?" asked Prue, in disappointed tones. "Why! it is perfectly level. I thought the top would be so small that we could look down on every side. But I suppose all the hills can't end in peaks. Since it *is* the top, we had better give three cheers for Independence. What a shame you forgot the fire-crackers, Arthur."

They had attained the goal of their desires. To be sure they were well bitten by musquitoes, and scratched with brambles; but, as Prudence remarked, "one must expect some wounds in one's struggle for liberty. It can't be all fun, and musquitoes are not nearly such bad enemies as ——"

"Our relatives, the Kings of England," suggested Arthur.

They were so tired that they threw themselves down on the grass, and remained

silent for some minutes. At last Arthur started up.

"Jupiter! the sun is almost down! Give me the luncheon baskets. Come, May! I declare she has gone to sleep! Wake up, child! Are we all ready? It's getting late, and we must hurry."

When after a twenty minutes' scramble they reached the road, the twilight was deepening fast.

"I am afraid we shall be late for the fireworks," said Arthur.

"Oh, we mustn't be!" responded Prue. "I'll tell you what. Let's make a short cut through the woods and across the fields. I went that way once, with Uncle John, and I am sure I remember the way."

"All right," said Chris.

"I think we had better go by the road," said Arthur, "for we are sure of that."

"Yes, let's," urged May, "because, perhaps, we shall meet some one in a wagon who will carry us home."

"That would be a pretty ending to our Independence! I'm going straight down the hill, and see if I don't get home first," said Prue.

"Hold on! I'm coming too," shouted Chris. "How lucky you thought of this short cut! we'll beat Arthur and May all hollow."

"We are going too far to the north," said Chris, suddenly stopping, after they had been walking on for some time. "Are you sure you remember the way?"

"We are coming to the edge of the woods, anyhow," answered Prue.

Chris ran ahead. Presently he came back, saying angrily,—

"We've gone in the wrong direction, and are further from home than ever. I told you that wasn't the path by the old dead pine, but you always do think you know better than anybody else. We shall lose the fireworks, and its all your fault, Miss *Im*prudence Redworth."

"You needn't have come with me if you hadn't wanted to," retorted Prue.

"I am sure I wish I hadn't. Will you condescend to come back to the road with me?" he added, seeing that she lagged behind.

"I'm afraid I can't," she replied, in a subdued tone, "because my foot hurts so. I turned my ankle when I stumbled over that stone, and the pain has been getting worse all the time."

"I am awfully sorry," said Chris, his anger instantly melting away.

Before she could utter a remonstrance, he took her in his arms, and did not stop until he had carried her through the woods back to the road.

"Oh dear! what has become of my Independence? This is not a bit the way that other Fourth of July ended!" thought Prue, as Chris left her to go in search of a wagon.

Just at this juncture, however, they heard carriage-wheels in the distance, and presently the familiar carryall and white pony came in sight.

Her Uncle John jumped out and lifted her into the carriage.

"Well! young woman, you have given us a big scare," he said. "The next time you sign a Declaration of Independence, I hope you will add a postscript, saying just how long you intend to be gone, and where you are to be found. When I came back to take you and May to the picnic ——"

"To take us to the picnic?" interrupted Prue.

"Yes! your aunts meant to give you a pleasant surprise; but when I found you had gone off with the boys, I knew you were safe, and determined not to trouble myself any further about my independent

little nieces. When we got home at night, however, and found you had not appeared, your aunts felt very anxious, and I spent an hour in a fruitless search for you. At last I met Arthur and May, who said you had started to come home through the woods. But what's the matter with your foot, my dear, naughty little girl?"

The aunts were standing in the doorway with anxious faces, when Prue at last reached home. Without a word of reproach Aunt Irene began to undress her, while Aunt Mary bathed the poor ankle. Their kindness went straight to Prue's heart.

"Oh, please scold me!" she burst out at last. "Don't be so good to me, when I was so horrid, and made the boys lose so much of the fireworks, and tired out poor May! You see, I was so sure you were going to be gone all day, and told the boys so; and I thought it would be so nice to be independent like our forefathers, and —— what is it makes the difference between a revolution and a rebellion, Aunty? It's a rebellion, isn't it, when people won't submit to a *good* government? I guess that is my kind, and that's why I didn't succeed better."

"Has Prue got back?" asked a sleepy voice from the bed. It was May, who had been waked by the sound of voices.

"Yes, dear, she is all safe."

"Prue! I have got twenty-one mosquito bites, and my feet are all blistered up, and I only saw one firework. Aren't you glad that Declarations of Independence only come once in a hundred years?" E. L.

Do not overlook the Centennial Prescription for a cold. The Father of his Country appears in a new light as a doctor. His remedy seems simple and harmless, if not effectual; but, as a bright person remarked, it failed at last, General Washington dying of the quinsy.

HYMN OF THE MOUNTAINEERS.

For the strength of the hills we bless thee, our God, our Fathers' God!
Thou hast made thy children mighty by the touch of the mountain sod;
Thou hast fixed our ark of refuge where the spoiler's foot ne'er trod:
For the strength of the hills we bless thee, our God, our Fathers' God!

We are watchers of a beacon whose light must never die;
We are guardians of an altar 'mid the silence of the sky;
The rocks yield founts of courage, struck forth as by thy rod:
For the strength of the hills we bless thee, our God, our Fathers' God!

For the dark resounding caverns, where thy still, small voice is heard;
For the strong pines of the forest that by thy breath are stirred;
For the storms on whose free pinions thy spirit walks abroad:
For the strength of the hills we bless thee, our God, our Fathers' God!

The royal eagle darteth on his quarry from the heights,
And the stag, that knows no master, seeks there his wild delights;
But we, for thy communion, have sought the mountain sod:
For the strength of the hills we bless thee, our God, our Fathers' God!

The banner of the chieftain far, far below us waves;
The war-horse of the spearman cannot reach our lofty caves;
Thy dark clouds wrap the threshold of Freedom's last abode:
For the strength of the hills we bless thee, our God, our Fathers' God!

Selected.

No nobler thought was ever uttered than that attributed to Abraham Lincoln: "To do the right as God gives me to see the right."

A MORAL HERO.

JIM lives in a small country place, not far from Philadelphia. Like all our patriotic boys, he is wild to go to the Centennial Exhibition; and, like most children, wants to go so very much, that it seems to him as if the powers of Nature and spirits of the air might interfere to help him, so long as human beings do not seem to care whether he goes or not.

At least he thinks so in his impatient moments; but, when he forgets self, he sees how impossible it is for his mother to spare her right-hand man, — for does she ever spare herself? And where would the fifty cents come from, which every child must have to enter the enchanted enclosure? The city boot-blacks would hardly allow Jim the chance to earn it; and boys enough are engaged to sell peanuts within the grounds.

The glorious Fourth — the one hundredth Fourth — is now very near. No wishing-carpet, no fairy godmother, has appeared, even in Jim's dreams. So he wisely decides to enjoy the pleasures he can have. It is Saturday afternoon, his most blissful period. He has done the chores till milking-time; and now he settles himself to reading "Robinson Crusoe." On the famous desert island he prepares to make his discoveries, see Man Friday's foot-print, and lay in his winter stores. Jim likes a frolic, but he loves books better; and he knows his mother will not disturb him till within half an hour of nightfall. His heart beats with pleasure as he remembers she gave him her highest praise, — "Jim, you have worked like a beaver."

Half an hour (to Jim five minutes) passes, and a dismal sound breaks on the ear that has been deaf to rustling leaf and trilling bird. Jim tries to deaden himself to it, but nearer it comes; and soon poor Tad, with his face bound up for the toothache, and who has managed to crawl out into the sunshine, stands before him.

"You'll take cold, Tad; you must go right back into the house."

But, as he looked at the forlorn little fellow, usually so gay and happy, Jim's heart relents. He throws his book down, and cries, —

"Come, we'll play soldier. It shall be training day. I'll be colonel, — no, you shall be colonel, and have the paper cap; it is up in the tree, just as we left it. Your wooden horse shall be drum-major, and Fido corporal. Stand steady, Fido, and don't stick your tongue out so."

"Attention!"

"Right! Left!"
"Present arms!"
"Mark time!"
"Right Shoulder-Shift!"
"Change feet!"
"Jump!"
"March!"

If Tad could only have seen his own Peter-grievous face struggling with pain and pleasure, his tooth-ache would have gone at once. As it was, it was much better for not thinking of it.

And so, that summer afternoon, Jim proved himself a moral hero, and more to be commended than if he had led an army or taken a city; and lay down to rest with truer content in his heart than if he had been wheeled in a triumphal car through the length and breadth of the Exposition, banners streaming, and martial music sounding.

"GOD always has unset jewels on hand, and his providence sets them as they are wanted.

"No one can become fit for great trusts who has not first been faithful in small trusts; while he who neglects little matters of right and duty will fall by little and little.

"What you can effect depends on what you are. . . . Too many think of character chiefly in its relation to the life beyond the grave. . . . I do wish that more consideration were bestowed upon its earthly uses."

Dr. A. P. Peabody, in his Address on Washington.

RELIC SHOW.

A PLEASANT game for the nursery is a make-believe Relic Show. Some children in Cambridge had one, and enjoyed it highly. Embroidered slippers can grow suddenly old, and will not mind it as much as their wearers. Indian moccasons, instead of sleeping in band-boxes, can trudge round imaginary wigwams. Leather shoes, just ready for the dust-barrel, can have a "sea-change," and be a pair of those that Washington's starving soldiers were glad to chew, and go barefoot. Empty your plaything basket, beg for the garret rattle-traps, and have your Relic Show at once.

I will tell you of some of the things I saw at the Relic Show, in Boston. Old-fashioned upright-clocks, tables with as many legs as a spider, cranes with pot-hooks of the shape of those you found so hard to make when you were learning to write. Almanacs, where sweeping chimney was one of the most frequent and important items; manuscript letters written in clear, bold hand; silver, in all shapes and sizes; General and Lady Washington in hair and on canvas; blue china plate representing battle of Lake Erie; bullet that killed General Warren, so small that you would not have thought it could kill a kitten; pewter plates; John Adams's washstand, so small that it is to be hoped that he had a tub besides; baby's shoes tied to a cane, and making every one wild with curiosity, because the label had slipped off; another pair worn by no end of babies when they were Christened; powder-horn, that a boy asked his mother how they blew, which showed that he was the Little Boy Green, and not the "Little Boy Blue;" Caleb Foote's wooden spoon, carved in an English prison; a hair trunk of cylinder form, that would have

been convenient for John Gilpin to carry on his famous ride; John Hancock's sideboard; knitting-ball, with silver chain and scissors, owned by Elizabeth Almy, mother of Wm. Ellery, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence; the spurs presented by Washington to Lieutenant Lamb; America lamenting over herself, — painted in glass; porringers, spoons, and tankards, made by Paul Revere; lockets, with beautiful young-old faces painted upon them, kissed by lips that now are dust; Lafayette's bedstead; General Washington's button; tankard hidden in soft soap during the fight at Concord, while red-coats were in the Hubbard House; portrait of Governor Gore, so riddled by time that soon it will be difficult to tell which of the small figures was the boy-governor, and which his sister.

And, what interested me greatly, the old-fashioned mirror which came from William H. Vernon's homestead, Newport, R.I., a mirror used by George Washington when he was there during the Revolutionary War. Though blurred with age, it reflected a clear, distinct likeness of my face, as if, having reflected the serene, truthful face of the Father of our Country, the tooth of time could not destroy its usefulness and integrity.

OF Roger Sherman it was said: "All his actions seem to have been preceded by a vigorous self-examination, and the answering of the secret interrogatories: 'What is right? What course ought I to pursue?' He never propounded to himself the questions: 'Will it be popular? How will it affect my interest?' Hence his reputation for integrity was never questioned."

"WE can do more good by being good than in any other way." Rowland Hill.

DECORATION DAY, 1876.

AFTER our army had passed through Eastern Virginia, leaving misery and terror behind them, some village schoolboys found, on a lonely road, in among the under-brush, where the grapes and chinquapins grew together, a rough and hastily made grave. Near by, the Northern army had camped. The grass was yet charred with their fires, and there were old papers, broken canteens, and all the *débris* of a camp. It was, of course, a Yankee's grave.

The people came and looked at it, but they cared little for it. A soldier's grave was no novelty in those days. The land, North and South, was filled with them.

For this soldier they had no pity. He was an invader, and he deserved his fate. That was the most tender word they had for him. But, if the road was lonely, it was not deserted; and the girls who drove from place to place — from home to the cross-roads' store — never passed the grave without a thought that a man lay buried there. At first, they cared so little for this that it made no difference in their laugh or talk. But, as the summer grew on, after the grapes had withered, the chinquapins had dropped, and no one came to gather, the grave seemed to grow lonely. Somehow the dead soldier came to have a personality. He was not the fellow who had held a pistol to the old pastor's head, and demanded a drink of apple-brandy. He was a Northern soldier. Perhaps he was a boy. This invading army had been full of boys. Next, they remembered the cousins and friends in the North who were in the army. No one knew who this soldier was: who might he not be?

Then one day the old wheelwright made a little plank smooth, and put on it,

in great letters: "A NORTHERN MAN'S GRAVE." As he carried it through the village, no one jeered nor objected, and so the grave was marked; and to-day, although it is level, and overgrown with grass, the unknown soldier sleeps in a spot that has been made sacred.

When we come this year to decorate the graves of Northern and Southern soldiers, we no longer remember that they fought on different sides. They were both sincere and terribly in earnest. They died for the right as they each knew it. More than this no man can do. To-day, we do not forget the fight, but we cannot remember it with any bitterness. We gave our best in toil, in sacrifice, in blood. We gave our boys, our husbands, our brothers; and it is the recollection of these boys that takes the sting from the memory of the days of war. Their blood has sanctified the graves, North and South; and, when we meet with our flowers in the places where the soldiers are buried, we meet in common grief, forgetting every thing concerning the dead except their valor, their sincerity, and how dear they were to us.

"The New Century for Woman."

WAIT!

THERE is light somewhere, or there would not be shadows. One can never go back and begin over again; but one can stop when he finds himself wrong.

It is dangerous to begin at the wrong end in other things besides skeins: you are sure to get into a hopeless tangle, and have to break off at last. Going on, hoping to right yourself, will only make a bad matter worse.

And now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face. Sometimes, almost always, things come when it is just time, as the snow comes when the ground has been frozen to receive it.

[From Watson's "Annals of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania in the Olden Time."]

HAVING got the possession of a copy of an original draft of a letter of Mrs. Benjamin Franklin, written in 1765, to her husband then in Europe, I am enabled to ascertain some facts of household economy, which show a state of imported luxuries in the higher classes, at an earlier period than might be inferred from the facts told in these pages. It is her letter of minute description of their new house, just then erected, in the Doctor's absence, in Franklin Court. I give it *as a picture* of domestic doings then. She says: —

"In the room downstairs is the *sideboard*, which is very handsome and plain, with two tables made to suit it, and a dozen of chairs also. The chairs are plain horse-hair, and look as well as Paduasoy, and are admired by all. The little south room I have *papered*, as the walls were much soiled. In this room is a *carpet* I bought cheap for its goodness, and *nearly new*. The *large carpet* is in the blue room. In the parlour is a carpet which has had much fault found with it. Your time-piece stands in *one corner*, which is, as I am told, *all wrong*, — but I say, we shall have all these *as they should be*, when you come home. If you could meet with a *Turkey carpet*, I should like it; but if not, I shall be very easy, for as to these things, I have become quite indifferent *at this time*. In the north room, where we sit, we have a *small* Scotch carpet, — the small bookcase, — brother John's picture, and one of the King and Queen. In the room for our friends, we have the Earl of Bute hung up, and a glass. May I desire you to remember drinking *glasses*, and a *large* table cloth or two; also a pair of silver canisters. The closet doors *in your room* have been framed *for glasses*, unknown to

me; I shall send you an account of the panes required. I shall also send the measures of the fireplaces, and the *pier of glass*. The chimneys do well, and I have baked *in the oven*, and found it is good. The room we call yours has in it a desk, — the *harmonica* made like a desk, — a large chest with all the writings, — the boxes of glasses for music, and for the electricity, and all your clothes. The pictures are not put up, as I do not like to *drive nails*, lest they should not be right. The Blue-room has the *harmonica* and the *harpsichord*, the gilt sconce, a card-table, a set of tea china, the worked chairs, and screen, a very handsome stand for the *tea kettle* to stand on, and the ornamental china. The paper of this room has lost much of *its bloom* by pasting up. The curtains are not yet made. The south room is my sleeping room with my Susannah, — where we have a bed *without curtains*, — a chest of drawers, a table, a glass, and old black walnut chairs, and some of our family pictures. I have taken all the *dead letters* [meaning those he had as Postmaster-General], and the papers, that were in the garret, with the books not taken by Billy [his son, W. Franklin, at Burlington], and had them boxed and barreled up, and put in the south garret to await your return. Sally has the south room up two pair of stairs, having therein a bed, bureau, table, glass, and the picture — a trunk *and books* — but *these* you can't have any notion of!"

She finally concludes, familiarly and pathetically: —

"*O my child!* there is a great odds between a man's being at home and abroad: — as everybody is afraid they shall do wrong, — so, every thing is left undone!"

"HAVING said A, I must say B also."
Norse Proverb.

GEN. WASHINGTON AS A DOCTOR.

AMONG the traditions preserved at Newport, R.I., from Revolutionary times, is one of Washington, in which he prescribed a disagreeable medicine to the fair daughter of his host, which she took because it came from Gen. Washington. The Providence *Journal* tells the story: —

On the occasion of Gen. Washington's first visit to Newport, to confer with Count de Rochambeau, Christopher Ellery was the chairman of the committee of arrangements appointed by the town to receive its distinguished guest. During the General's stay at Newport, he took tea at the house of Mr. Ellery.

On this occasion many of the French officers and patriotic Newporters were present. Mr. Ellery was a widower, and his daughter, Miss Betsey Ellery, then a young girl of sixteen or seventeen, presided at the tea-table in question, and poured out tea to her patriotic guests.

Miss Ellery was all the time suffering from a severe sore throat, and could not speak above a whisper. Gen. Washington, observing this embarrassment of his youthful hostess, said to her, —

"Miss Ellery, you seem to be suffering very much. What is the matter?"

Miss Ellery told him the cause of her trouble, upon which the General said to her, —

"I suffer myself very frequently from a sore throat, and take a remedy which I find very useful, and which I would recommend to you, were I not sure that you would not take it."

"But I am sure," replied Miss Ellery, "that I would take any remedy that Gen. Washington would propose."

"Well, then," said the General, "it is this, *onions boiled in molasses*. It has cured me often."

Miss Ellery took the remedy, and of course was cured.

The youthful hostess of this tea-party died at Newport in 1857, a few days before the ninety-third anniversary of her birth. She was a woman of strong and cultured intellect, and delighted in telling her children and grandchildren about the trials of the patriotic sons and daughters of Newport who were exiles during the British occupation of their town.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

BEFORE he moved to Springfield, was post-master in a small Western town. The office was poor, and Lincoln was poorer than the office. It was known that he was very hard up, and it was also known that the Washington agent was in town to collect the little sum due the General Post-office. A friend, thinking Lincoln might be embarrassed, came down to the office to loan him the sum necessary to meet the demand. Lincoln thanked him, and said he did not need any loan. While the two were talking, the gentleman came in. The sum due was less than $100. Lincoln went to his desk and took out an old stocking, and turned the coin on the table. It was counted out, and met the demand exactly. Well it might, for it was not only the exact amount due, but the identical money itself that Lincoln had taken in, — old-fashioned Rix dollars, pistareens, six-pences, old-fashioned cents, and all, were there. "I never use money that belongs to other people," said Lincoln ; and that resolution did much toward making him President of the United States.

Selected.

To catch a glance at the Exhibition, a day is necessary ; to study it, six months ; to comprehend it, a lifetime.

COSEY CORNER.

I SUPPOSE, my dears, most of you, as well as myself, are among the "Stay-at-homes," who are to know nothing of the Great Centennial Exhibition, excepting from hearsay.

Last year my disappointments began in the patriotic line. I half fancied going to Lexington, but I did not get there ; and when I heard of the straits and trials to which many were put in going and coming, I thought I had the best of the bargain in being kept at home. The Seventeenth of June I was invited to Charlestown, but could not leave home, even to visit Boston.

Well, now I'm no better off this year, for there are many reasons why I cannot visit Philadelphia.

But not going does not prevent my thoughts from wandering there ; and, without fatigue and in blissful quiet, I picture the brilliant scene, the shifting crowds, the rainbow colors, the delicious music, the wonderful buildings, the more wonderful goods. With still more interest, I walk in imagination through Independence Hall, musing on all that perplexed and stirred our fathers' hearts, as, with earnest reverence, they laid the corner-stone of this Republic when they signed the Declaration of Independence of these United States.

One of the signers, William Ellery, of Newport, R.I., was my great-grandfather, and proudly I think of him, as he lived to a good old age honored as one of the strongholds of integrity.

To boys it will be the greatest trial not to go to the great Exhibition, for to them the more the noise the better the fun, they seldom weary of standing and walking, and to them the wonders of steam and machinery are inexhaustible. I hope many boys will be able to go, and that they will

keep a note-book to refresh their memory when they return home and wish to describe what they have seen. If the boys who do not go, accept the disappointment cheerfully, they will find more content, than by being dazzled by all the splendor set forth in the Arabian Nights' Entertainment.

Postscript. Since writing the above, a lady sends me word that her little daughter, about five years old, is charmed with her visits to the Exposition; has been three times a week, and has never complained of fatigue: "there is so much to interest and amuse all, besides it is educational. She enjoyed some of the pictures immensely; so that she spoke of them afterwards, and remembered her favorites. One in the English department, called *La Vendée*, a troop of soldiers entering a tumbled-down house, and finding a dear little boy alone perched upon an overturned cradle; his shyness on being questioned by these rough men, shown by his finger in his mouth, was sweet. Then "God's Acre," and three little children by an open grave, was full of pathos and expression, and most touching, the mourners were coming up in the distance, Scotch peasants.

HORTICULTURAL HALL.

By far the most beautiful building on the grounds, taking the eye with its airy symmetrical proportions, its crystal shining, its fanciful coloring and design, is Horticultural Hall, the Fairmount winter garden of the future.

Its surroundings, too, are charming. All the richest treasures of this department gravitate towards it as the central point of attraction. Beds of superb hyacinths have been flowering fragrantly in the soft airs of April, and now is the carnival of tulips, — rounded masses of gorgeous bloom, set in the green turf. In spite of the trample of feet on the opening day, the grass, lacking which the most brilliant flowers fail in effect, like jewels without their setting, stretches far and wide a perfect sweep of verdure, the pride of our sylvan land in May. Such a quiet rest to the eye! Visitors from California — the country of all the world for a universal flower-garden, in which the whole floral kingdom could easiest be grown — are charmed especially with the simple grass, which we take, like the sun and showers, as a matter of course. Renewing the old delight they have missed in their arid summers, they find more pleasure in that green expanse than any rainbow hues could give them. Probably the French florist, too, proud of "such flowers as never are seen out of Paris," appreciates a grace which seldom, if ever, adorns his own boasted *Champs Elysées*.

Approaching by the broad, clean avenues, this "sole and entire chrysolite of the Exhibition," as Bayard Taylor pronounces it, and ascending the spacious steps, you enter the open door as into a dream of summer, "of fairy-land, of the Thousand and One Nights, of all things graceful and delicate." Beautiful outwardly as if builded to the notes of music, the fair interior completes your illusion, — the same airy architecture above; the waving, shimmering wealth of the tropics, strange and sweet, below.

In the centre of the building is the grand fountain, in full view from the south entrance, its basin circled with a verdurous rim of foreign ferns, broad, rich-leaved vegonias, and other dainty things that love the perpetual sprinkle of water-drops. Among them some members of our special favorites among the ferns, the lovely *Adiantum* family, all of which, from the

simple little maiden-hair of our Wissahickon woods; to the tree species that ornaments the gay gardens of Japan, have one characteristic. Seen at a glance, the veinings of the leaves radiate, fan-like, from the slender stalk, outward to the edge.

. . . . . .

Plants, like people, are pleasing to look upon when they seem to enjoy life. Several varieties of the pitcher-plant, *nepenthes*, are sure to attract attention. Such cunning little pitchers, all complete with a lid, and half full of water. Prickly pears were planted in queer little hanging-baskets of cocoa-nut, that seem to suit them well, from their flourishing look. Some of this eccentric family are marvellously like hairy caterpillars, and speckled toads, and winding, insidious worms.

. . . . . .

Among the flowers of native culture are said to be two hundred distinct varieties of geraniums, one hundred of verbenas, and the largest collection of roses which has ever been made in this country.

"The New Century for Woman."

THE OLD MILL.

ONE hundred years the mill has stood:
One hundred years the dashing flood
Has turned the wheel, with roaring sound,
Through foaming waters, round and round.

One hundred years! and overhead
The same broad roof of blue is spread;
And, in the meadows, bright and green,
The miller's children still are seen.

And thus the world is still the same:
The sunset clouds are turned to flame;
And while we live, and when we die,
The lark still carols in the sky.

And others rise to fill our place;
We sleep, and others run the race:
And earth beneath and skies above
Are still the same: and God is love.

Cassell's Family Magazine.

THE attention of Schools intending to celebrate the Fourth of July is called to an excellent CENTENNIAL CONCERT EXERCISE, prepared by Rev. H. C. Bates of Belmont. Price four cents, single copy; $2.00 per hundred.

For sale by the Unitarian Sunday School Society, 7 Tremont Place, Boston.

ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 21 letters.

My 15, 12, 21, 15, 13, 20, 7, were the first inhabitants of this country.

My 16, 15, 11, 1, 15, 12, 15, 13, was one of the first settled of the United States.

My 8, 14, 1, 6, 2, 11, 1, 17, was the first fort built in Maine.

My 14, 17, 19, is a peaceful article which was the cause of much trouble a hundred years ago.

My 4, 9, 8, 14, 9, 12, an important city both now and a hundred years ago.

My 11, 6, 16, 9, 18, 10, 14, 15, 2, 12, was a war for freedom.

My 5, 6, 17, was a General in the Revolutionary War.

My 11, 6, 17, 3, was a General whom the King of England could not buy.

My whole is the prayer of every patriot.

ANSWER TO ACROSTIC.

1. Napoleon.
2. Eve.
3. Whale.
4. Peter.
5. Orange.
6. Robin.
7. Top.

Newport.

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